

THE DUEL OBSERVER

VOLUME XLIII, ISSUE I

“Knowe Thyself, Not Be Thyself.”

JANUARY 26, 2024

Two Jans, One Cup

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY TO BE REPLACED BY GYPSY-ROSE BLANCHARD AS NEW GREAT NAMES’ SPEAKER

She’s more popular anyways

By Ms. Mannes ’26

CAMPUS SECURITY DEPT.

(ON INSTAGRAM REELS) Although Hamilton College announced that Matthew McConaughey was to come as a keynote speaker, they have since “post-poned” his appearance on January 16th. Many white econ bros were devastated to learn that one of their role models from *The Wolf of Wall Street* was not coming to teach them, and many horny girls were saddened that they wouldn’t be able to see the *Magic Mike* star in the flesh. To combat this disappointment, Hamilton announced that they would replace Mr. McConaughey with Mrs. Gypsy-Rose Blanchard-Anderson. Not only did the school want to show a role model, they also wanted to give a voice to this grass roots activist as they know that many students have contempt for their mothers.

Her inspirational story of overcoming adversity, mommy issues, and finding love is something that many Hamilton students can relate to and hope-

fully learn from. Despite the positive intentions of the school, Hamilton expected the new keynote speaker to be a little controversial. However, they were shocked to learn that most students awaited her arrival with bated breath. “Ever since the announcement, there has been an excited energy on campus. The theatre department has already begun making a main-stage musical in her honor,” remarked Maia Zimmerman ’25. The consensus is that students are simultaneously enamored and fascinated by her social media presence. She has been promoting her new book and show, something she will likely do the night of her speech, but she has also been showing off her new nails, her husband, and filtered selfies. The gays in particular love her. GSA and other DMC-affiliated clubs are likely to host a pre-game of the event for all the girls and gays who absolutely adore their new “mother.”

And of course, her inspirational message about family will likely bring our Hamilly closer together, especially with her infamous comment to her husband, Ryan, who must not “listen to the haters. I love you, and you love me. We do not owe anyone anything. Our family is who matters. If you get likes and good comments great, if you get hate then whatever because THEY DON’T MATTER. I love you, besides they jealous because you are rocking my world every night...yeah I said it, the D is fire, happy wife happy life.”

HAMILTON COLLEGE SNEAKS IMPORTANT EMAIL IN BETWEEN TWELVE CLUB AND EVENT EMAILS TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES

Have you read every email today?

By Mr. Janicki ’27

COMMUNICATIONS DEPT.

(YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS) This Sunday, students of Hamilton College are expected to keep a close eye on their inbox, as the college has once again hidden the Fall 2024 housing form amongst several unrelated club news and event planning emails. When asked about the placement of this email of dire importance, David Wippman had this to say: “As we all know. Hamilton is an academically rigorous school, and to me, that means looking at every email, even if it’s from the Daily Bull.”

He went on to explain that part of the challenge by choice was the fact that you do not have the option to unsubscribe, but you could always overcommit yourself to clubs, flooding your inbox even further. Remarking on the housing form, he added, “That email was, in many ways, a test. I put a lot of thought into filling all the student inboxes with spam, and I want to make sure people keep reading them all for the fear of missing out on actually necessary information.”

On the particular incident with the housing form, one student was willing to share their experience, stating: “When I glanced at my mail I saw, like, three upcoming acapella performances, invitations to try out for soccer, volleyball, cornhole, and curling, an alcoholics anonymous weekly meeting notification, juggling club auditions, two Chabad event planning emails (I’m not even Jewish), and something called ‘Cheese Night.’ I found out the next day I was incredibly late to fill out the housing form, and now they’re making me sleep in the Bundy bathtub. And it’s a forced double.”

Because we value perspective at *The Duel Observer*, we asked Jan Elizabeth Windsor ’27 to comment on their experience with this so-called “Spamilton Effect.” Unfortunately, I stopped listening about halfway through their comment. It was probably something like, “We totally didn’t have to deal with that in London.” Or, “Do you know where to find the science center? I have a class, but I’m super lost.” In response, That’s the story on emails today at Hamilton. Remember to check your inbox because Wippman is always trying to catch you off guard!

As an act of rebellion, a group of students has since started an anti-email club, which will soon be sending out more information via email.

MAIL CENTER RECEIVES INFLUX OF BREAST MILK UPON JANS’ ARRIVAL

We all miss all our mommies but not like this

By Ms. Stillman ’27

HUMAN DAIRY DEPT.

(LEFT BOOB) This year, Mail Center workers had to work nights and weekends in order to store all of the breast milk being sent to Hamilton by Jan moms. “We’ve had to move 277 milk crates into two industrial-sized refrigerators. We call them left boob and right boob,” Sally Shipsalot ’24, a Mail Center employee, described.

The influx is largely due to one especially hungry Jan, Bhig Bhabie ’27, whose mom sent 225 of the 277 milk crates. “The other kids are starting to wean off milky, but mommy says I have to wait because I’m not a big boy yet,” Bhabie mumbled while looking down at his velcro Toy Story shoes.

The quantities of bmilk being shipped to Hamilton have only increased since move-in day. “My mommy had to send more milky because they don’t have any at Commons,” Bhabie blubbered through tears. “We thought they had milky here, but it’s cold and bad! I need mommy’s milky! It’s the only one that tastes good!”

According to Shipsalot, the mail center has “had to begin building a third industrial sized refrigerator, which we lovingly call the middle boob.”

Mrs. Bhabie-Mahma, Bhig Bhabie’s mother, reluctantly agreed to a Zoom interview with *The Duel Observer*. “My little sugar plum gets all of my milk he wants because he’s my little angel,” Mrs. Bhabie-Mahma said while pumping. “I don’t know what these other mothers are feeding their children, but clearly it’s not the purest food on God’s green earth.”


Bhabie isn’t the only Jan to drink his mother’s milk. In fact, every Jan has had at least one milk crate sent to them. Previously, Jans have been known to enjoy their favorite jarty drink of bmilk and vodka. Now, bmilk has become something of a household beverage for the Jans. “Nothings better than talking about your favorite picture books over a bottle of bmilk with your fellow Jans,” Janet Janderson ’27, a Jan, said while sporting a prominent bmilk mustache.

“With all this bmilk consumption, the Dunham 3rd floor bathroom is a war zone,” the custodian assigned to clean it said. “They don’t let the constant stomach churning deter their milk drinking. It’s terrifying.”

David Wippman has taken note of the uptick in milk shipments this January and has decided to take it in stride. “I am proud to announce our new Pheed-a-Jan Program. All you have to do is get pregnant, give the baby up for adoption, and start pumping away. All bmilk produced goes to a Jan in need,” Wippman announced in an email on Monday. So far, 23 people have agreed to take part in the new program, showing just what others are willing to do for their fellow Hamilly members.

In this issue: We’re Starting an Acapella Group

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9 posts 128 followers 52 following

The Duel Observer

Knowe thyself, not be thyself.

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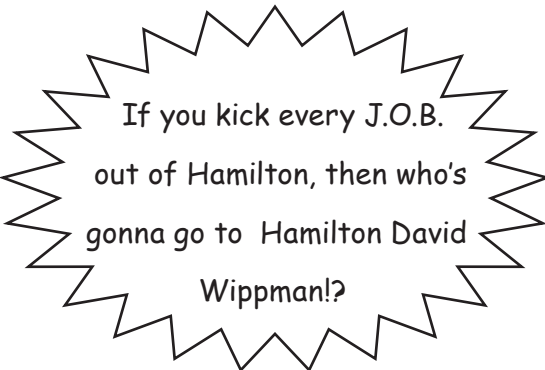
Silly stories!

POSTS TAGGED

Found at sctt, mcq, commons, diner, and in hands

Because we know you can’t enough, you filthy little reader. See, “@theduelobserver #notsponsored” pg. 9.

Did you know...



NEW EDITOR FORECAST

6:32

6:33

6:35



“You want to do the forecast of little ole’ me?”

“Well I guess if you really want to...”

“CHEESE!!!”

An Open Letter To The Guy Who Asked Me For Toilet Paper In Root Hall: You Took My Paper And Stole My Heart

Your sweet, supple voice echoing through the hall beckons me towards you; your siren song inescapable by any reasonably heterosexual man. My head swivels, searching for the source of the cry. As I turn around to face the newly christened All Gender restroom, my penis engorges, pulsating with each heartbeat, nearly bursting with crab juice (semen for those not afflicted as I am). “Ah yes,” I think, “there you are, my love.”

I approach the door tenderly, holding back my ejaculation, a task that becomes increasingly harder (get it? Because erection) when I hear the voice’s request. “UwU? Someone? Pwease, I need to be rescued. There’s no toilet paper in here.” I can’t resist anymore. I cum everywhere. Root Hall gets a new paint job. I pass out in a pool of crab juice.

When I wake, the sultry sounds of a mansel in distress still penetrates my ears. I realize what I must do. My One and Only needs me. I burst into the indoor-outhouse next to me. The occupant shrieks. “What are you doing in here!” I pay no attention to the professor’s screams. He doesn’t matter. All that matters is my mysterious POOKIE bear, still trapped, helpless. I rip the toilet paper holder thing off the wall and take its contents hostage. Professor Shit can lick his butthole clean.

When I return to my secret lover’s door, I whisper, “Here I am, snugglebunny. I have a special present for you.” The door creaks open, just a crack though, a small gateway to another of its kind. I peer in and see a hand. Small and feminine. Then I see a body. My man. My eyes glaze him up and down. His cheeks hang out from his half-pulled up pants, surely coated with chocolatey shmear, my little boy’s bagel gifts ripe for the taking. As my eyes move upward and my arousal increases, I see his sunken chest, unable to be contained by his size Small shirt. A cross country runner. My heart flutters. He snatches the paper away and slams the door shut before our eyes could meet. Surely, he is just as afraid of his feelings as I. Two straight men could never make it in this cruel world of sassy, intolerant gays.

So, and I suppose this is a bit of a roundabout way of saying it, but if you’re going to shit in a public restroom, make sure you check to see if it’s stocked with toilet paper so you don’t look like a fucking Jan.

Attached in an email from the Religious Studies department to Mr. Ebben ’27



Ethnography by Ms. Mannes ’26

Friday Five: Citrus Bowl and Other Things to Throw

By Ms. Haller ’26

Wow! It’s that time of year again when dark-siders remember that this school has more sports than rugby. The Citrus Bowl. It truly is a wonderful way to bring everyone together during this cold season. Nothing brings people together like hoping a fight will break out — it’s not a good game till I see some loose teeth on the ice. It is a truly great tradition to go and throw oranges after our first goal, but to me that’s kinda boring. We should spice it up a little, so here are five more interesting items to throw during the Citrus Bowl.

5. A lemon. Whoever said oranges are the only citrus? They have lemons and limes, and I’m sure there are probably more. I mean, it’s not called the Orange Bowl, cause that’s what I refused to go to as a kid so I saw Frozen in theaters instead. (I regret nothing, I would have forgotten that Football game, but I will always remember when Hans said, “Oh Anna, if only there were someone out there who loved you.”)

4. Bras. Let’s turn up the heat and make the sage feel like a rock concert arena. They scored a goal so we should let our players know they really are rockstars. We want to let the girls free, let us be liberated! Also like, boobs, out and about? Let’s just say that there is more than one goal being scored this game.

3. Hot Water. Would this disrupt the game? Yes, but we scored a goal and let’s stop while we’re ahead. Is that cheating? Yes, but what are you a snitch? Yeah, that’s what I thought. How we would do this I’m not sure, but that’s not my job to figure out.

2. Fish. The Nashville Predators fans actually do this: they throw catfish on the ice which was in response to Detroit Red Wings fans throwing octopus on the ice. What a neat piece of sports history. Campo should be thankful that we only throw oranges.

1. The Federalist Papers. Oranges have literally nothing to do with this school, so why don’t we up the school spirit and throw in some of our namesake’s famous work. When we throw the papers in we could all shout, “AND HAMILTON WROTE THE OTHER 51.”

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